

November In Brookline

The Suicide File

Fate flickers like a newsreel.
It's dancing across the dark wood restaurants,
the empty sidewalks,
and the hotel lobbies that have started to fade
so that the deep reds are now a dirty pink,
and the elegance they had before has been stripped and covered
in dust.
And there are countless yesterdays
that were supposed to be something more.
But as time blurs them, the edges soften
and you can carve a monument out of broken glass and sand.
Nothing is uglier than former beauty.
It's the curse of the starlet.
Sunlight can be a horrible thing.
Fate still smiles demurely as the leaves clog the gutters,
and the red bricks chip and sink further into the ground.
Time wears you down.
Time will spit on you.
Time marches on.
Its promises fell through,
and there are countless yesterdays where promises fell through.